Beaver & Gephart

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor. A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE. Terms, $1.00 per Year, in Advance.

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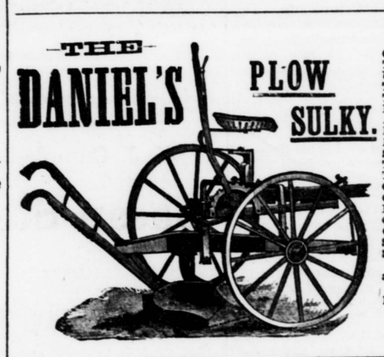
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The Walled-in Room.

Being the Terrible Adventure of an Irish Naturalist.

I opened my eyes and looked around me. A man was leaning over my bed; near the man stood a woman with a bonnet with great white wings on the sides, holding in her hand a moist compress. The room was plain and neat, with clean white walls. On a table, covered with a great napkin of yellow linen, I noted a number of strange objects—rows of little vials, and a brown earthen jar filled with bits of ice. Through the muslin curtains, which bellied out from the window in the balmy air, I could see a patch of blue sky and the tops of green trees bending lightly in the breeze. Where was I? It seemed like a long dream that I had had; my head felt empty, my limbs ached, and I could not think.

The man gently lifted my head, and gave me a few drops of some liquid which I swallowed with avidity.

"Well, Mr. Furniss," he said, "how do you feel?"

"Eh, what?" I cried. "Where am I?"

"You are in my house, my dear sir, and we shall take good care of you." Now, he added, replacing my head on the pillow, "be quiet and go to sleep."

I gazed at him for a long time, and all at once I recognized Doctor Bertram, the celebrated specialist in insanity. A shudder passed through my frame. Why was I in Doctor Bertram's hospital, instead of in my home, near Phœnix Park, with my books, my herbs, and my microscopes around me? His hospital was for mad people!—and that Sister of Charity, those vials, that bowl of ice—my God, I must be mad! But why?—how?

"How long have I been here?" I asked, after a time.

"For four weeks, Mr. Furniss. But you must be quiet and sleep. Now do not try to talk."

For a month! Was it possible? What had happened? But even as I asked myself these questions, little by little I went off to sleep, and I saw, in a billowy meadow, a road covered with blood and bordered on either side with monstrous microscopes shaped like trees, a road on which two little girls played a pitch and catch with a severed head, while Dr. Bertram, comically bonneted with a religious cape, rode astride of a dead body, which reared, and pranced, and kicked till he could scarcely keep his seat.

The next morning I was better; and day by day I improved, though that horrible nightmare came to me each night. But it grew less and less distinct, and in a few weeks it almost ceased to trouble me.

One evening the doctor whom I had not seen during the day, seated himself near my bed.

"Well," said he, feeling my pulse, "you are doing famously. I'll have you out, as good as new, in a few days. But you've had a close shave. It has been one of the prettiest cases of ~~cerebral congestion~~ I ever handled—a beautiful case. Why, it's a wonder you are alive now. Tell me, how is your memory; can you remember what happened before you were brought here?"

"—I don't know, I cannot think. I have passed through something fearful. What it is, I cannot say. From the faint glimmer of recollection that comes to me, I have the sensation of having been dead—murdered! O, it is frightful! My brain is weak yet. Then, the child, a pretty golden-haired child—rolling on the floor."

"Come, come, this will never do," said the doctor. "You can tell me all about it in the morn——"

"No, now, doctor," I cried. "It is coming back to me. Yes, I have it now."

Here is an exact transcript of my recital as I told it to Dr. Bertram and, later, to the magistrate.

You know my passion for natural history. Well, scarcely a week passes that I do not go into the country botanizing. That day I went to Glacnevin, where, as you know, the marshy meadows are rich in curious plants, infusoria, and diatoms. I was returning, and was almost in Dublin with my box full of rare specimens, on which I expected to make a report that would astonish the Botanical Society, when I saw a little girl, certainly not more than five or six years old, who was all alone, crying as if her little heart would break. I approached her, but at sight of me she redoubled her cries. I could see that the little one was lost, and that she did not know where to go, so I spoke to her kindly, and, by dint of promising her unlimited bonbons, got her to tell me that her name was Lizzie, and that she lived near Beresford Place in Lower Abbey street. I took her hand, and we soon started off, talking together like old friends. She was a beautiful child, fresh and rosy, with great, candid eyes and fair hair, which was cut short over her eyes and fell in golden ringlets about her shoulders. She trotted bravely along, her soft, little hand holding my great ruddy paw confidingly. As we walked she told me remarkable tales, in which figured a big, black horse, a little knife, a doll, and a number of people I did not know.

Lizzie was afraid she would be scolded when she arrived home, but she was not, and I was received with transports by her mother, who was half distracted. Never was gratitude expressed so heartily and pleasantly. Who was I, where did I live, how did I happen to find her, and a thousand like questions were showered upon me.

"O, Mr. Furniss," said the mother, "you are the savior of my child. How can we express our gratitude? We are not rich, but such a debt can not be paid in gold. How happy my husband will be to repeat my thanks to you. He is still at his office, but—will you do us a great kindness, will you honor our humble board to-morrow? I shall have a savant here like yourself, and you two will enjoy each other's company, I am sure. And my husband will be so happy to have you."

I thanked her for the invitation, and promised to be on hand.

At the appointed hour I was shown into their modest parlor, and you may be sure the husband's gratitude was no less warmly expressed than the wife's. And little Lizzie threw her arms around my neck, and showered on me the innocent caresses of a happy child. I seemed, indeed, to be one of the family.

The dinner was a merry one, the savant seemed to be an interesting man—in brief, I passed an excellent evening.

The air had been heavy the whole day, and in the evening a storm came on. Thunder-claps succeeded one another without interruption; the rain fell in torrents. Whether it was the effect of the storm, or of the wine I had drunk, I felt a strange melancholy. I could not breathe comfortably. I was about to set out for home, however, for it was late and my house was some distance; but they insisted that I should stay. It would be foolish to expose myself to such a tempest, when I was not feeling well; the mother begged me with such a grace that I felt forced to remain and pass the night in that hospitable house. They ceremoniously conducted me to my room, and there wished me good night. I remember, even, that Lizzie having fallen asleep in her father's arms, I kissed her little cheek, paled by sleep, and her dimpled little arms.

Left alone, I began to undress slowly and wandering about the room, as one always does when one sleeps in a strange place. I felt as if I should smother in the close atmosphere of the room. Before getting in bed, I wanted to inhale a little of the outside air, and in spite of the roaring storm, I tried to open the window. It was a false window.

"Well, well!" I exclaimed, a little surprised.

I thought I would remove the chimney-screen; it was a false chimney. I rushed to the door—it was locked! Fear seized me, and, holding my breath, I listened. The house was quiet; all seemed to be asleep. Then I inspected the room carefully, straining my ears for the least sound. On the floor, near the bed, I noticed spots; it was blood—dried and blackened blood! I shuddered, and a cold sweat stood out on my fore head. Blood! Why should there be blood there? And I saw that a whole sea of blood must have been spilt there—for a great space around the hard wooden floor had been freshly scrubbed and scraped. All at once I cried out. Under the bed I had seen a man, stretched out, motionless as an overturned statue. I could not cry or call out. With trembling hands I touched the man. He did not move. With trembling hand I pushed the man; he did not move. With trembling hands I seized the feet and drew him forth—he was dead! His neck had been cleanly cut, as with one stroke of a razor, and the head held to the trunk by a slender ligament.

I thought I should go mad. But something must be done—the assassin might come at any moment. I raised the body to place it on the bed. I made a false step, and the livid head turned over swung to and fro for a moment like a hideous pendulum, and then, detached from the trunk, fell on the floor with a dull sound. With great difficulty I introduced the decapitated trunk between the sheets. I picked up the head and placed it on the pillow like that of a sleeping man, and, having blown out the candle, I slipped under the bed. I did all this mechanically, without thought of defense or safety; it was instinct that prompted me, not intelligence or reflection.

My teeth chattered. My hands were wet with a thick moisture. I felt as if I had gone to bed in a charnel-house.

I remained there in that awful fear, minutes, hours, months, years, centuries—I do not know how long. I lost all idea of time and place. All was silent. From without the noise of the storm and the whistling of the wind came to me softened and sad, like moans. I could not picture to myself the assassin who was coming—who was there perhaps. In that state of horror, I could see only little Lizzie, fair, rosy and frank, with her doll and her great hat; I could see her sleeping in her father's arms; now and then she lightly raised her eyelids and disclosed her eyes, which seemed to me to be bold, implacable, cruel, muderous.

The door opened, but as softly as the scratching of a mouse. I bit my lip till the blood came, to keep from crying out. Now a man stepped in with gliding tread, with infinite precautions to avoid touching the furniture. It seemed to me as if I could see the cruel, clutching fingers gliding over my clothes, searching my pockets. Then the steps came nearer, seemed to graze me. I felt that the man was bending over the bed, that he struck one fierce blow. Then I knew nothing more.

When I recovered consciousness, the room had become silent again. But fright held me nailed to the spot. At length I decided to escape, with what caution you may imagine. On tiptoe I gained the door, which had been closed. Not a sound, not a breath. Feeling my way, I passed into the hall. I waited to see a head thrust suddenly from out the shadows, a knife gleam in the dark. But no—the brute, glutted with crime, slept without remorse. I descended the stairs, drew the bolt of the door, and, half fainting, with the blood frozen into my veins, I fell into the gutter of the deserted street.

Doctor Bertram had listened to my recital with the deepest interest.

"And there I found you, Mr. Furniss, and in what a state! Could you recognize the house?"

"Yes," I replied; "but to what end?"

"Well, let me cure you, and then we shall go together to the house of these assassins."

Eight days later the doctor and I stood in Lower Abbey street. I recognized the terrible house. All the blinds were drawn; inside of the door a placard was placed, bearing the legend: "To Let."

I inquired of the former residents from a neighbor.

"They have been gone a month or more," she replied. "It's a great pity, for they were very nice people."—*Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Octave Mirbeau.*

A couple were riding out in the country, when they passed a barnyard in which were two calves. The young lady observed: "Oh see those two little cowlets." "You are mistaken," remarked the young man, "they are not cowlets but bullets."

Now, here's somebody who objects to women wearing laundried shirt fronts and stand-up collars, after the manner of men. Pretty soon someboey will object to women supporting their husbands, but a good many of them will continue to do it, just the same.—Ex.

SURE DEATH EITHER WAY.—"Did you hear the sad news about Jinks?" asked Gus Snobberly of Charlie Knickerbocker. "No, what is it?" "He was drowned while rowing a boat in Central park." "Couldn't he swim?" That wouldn't make any difference. Swimming in the Central park is strictly prohibited, and the park police enforce the law, you know. If he had to swim he would have been clubbed to death.—Texas Siftings.

TWO KINDS OF CAPITAL.

The Comparative Value of Money and of Knowledge and Skill.

In 1848 two young men graduated from an interior college. When they were about to leave for home the president shook them heartily by the hand and wished them success in life.

"Ah, doctor," said one "it has come to Jim already. He has a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. But I have capital to begin life with."

Jim's fortune was a large one for those days. He had invested it and for a few years lived on the interest of it. The investment proved a bad one, and he lost every thing. He had neither trade, profession nor business habits. Hence he remained for the rest of his life a poor man. His comrade, knowing that success depended on his own efforts, studied a profession which, without a dollar of capital brought him a competency, and at last wealth.

Young men are apt to estimate money alone as capital. That one of their number who has inherited money is, they think, better equipped for the struggle of life than any other. They should look into the comparative commercial value of money and of knowledge and skill, before they are quite so sure of that. Figures, in this case, tell no lie. Of late years, money in this country has decreased in value as a money-getter, while human ability has increased. That is, the income from money invested at interest has diminished while the compensation for service rendered has become larger.

For example, a capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon three thousand dollars in Government bonds; and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the interest of twenty thousand dollars at four per cent. A teamster in Montana, or a cow-boy in Colorado, finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be forty thousand dollar invested in the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a country town who earns his two thousand dollars annually, if suddenly debarred from practice would require sixty-six thousand dollars in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor-in-chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him in hard cash, the capital of half a million.

Such estimates, of course, vary with place and time, but they will serve our purpose if they convince the boys and girls who read them that they had power of brains and hands, while the power of brains and hands remains actual money yielding capital more permanent and secure, and far more satisfying, than any gold bearing bonds.—*Youth's Companion.*

General Donaldson's Fortunate Mistake.

From the *Century* we quote the following war anecdote, by R. H. Eddy: Prior to the battle of Nashville, Major-General James L. Donaldson (who won honors in the Mexican war, and who died in the spring of 1886), was quartermaster General Thomas. He once told me the following incident;

Having occasion to purchase mules for the army, he ordered a person in whom he had confidence to visit the contiguous Northern States, inadvertently saying to him, "Buy as many as you can,"—not supposing he would be able to secure more than a few thousand at the most. Some weeks afterward, just before the attack upon Hood's army, General Donaldson, on meeting his agent, inquired how many mules he had been able to secure. To the amazement of the general he was informed that twenty thousand or more had been obtained. Upon which the general exclaimed "I am a ruined man! I shall be court-martialed and driven from the army for not limiting you in the purchase. You have procured many times more than I had any idea or intention of purchasing; but the fault is mine not yours. I ought to have been particular in my order." In an extremely disheartened state he went to his home, believing that such a thoughtless act on his part could not be overlooked by the commanding general.

He had scarcely reached his house before a messenger came from General Thomas with an order for General Donaldson to come immediately to headquarters. This seemed to be the sealing of his fate, and in a state of trepidation bordering on frenzy he appeared before General Thomas, whom he found in a mood, apparently of great depression. Soon after Donaldson entered his presence General Thomas said, "How many mules have you?" With some pertubation he replied, "Upwards of twenty-five thousand. "Twenty-five thousand, did you say?" repeated the general. "Is it possible that you have this number? Donaldson accept my most heartfelt thanks; you have saved this army! I can now have transportation and can fight Hood, and will do so at once."

BILL NYE ON "EQUAL RIGHTS."

The Spirit of the Declaration of Indedence Not Understood.

It is wrong to consider the variety of equality contemplated by the Declaration of Indepeudence as likely in any way to be mistaken for a kind of communism of brains. We can safely say that the time will never come when the men with vast aggregations of brains will have to divide up with those who simply have an opening for brains. That kind of communism would be a mighty good thing however, for the people who claim that political equality is a chestnut.

If the man who dreads the day when equality is a settled fact could work it some way to have brains divided up equally and could be around when the division is made he would be ahead.

But the equality referred to in the Declaration is not that kind. It is the kind that does not chisel out the poor man's vitals in the matter of wages and then compel him to buy everything he needs of his employer at a big price. It is the kind that protects the toiler who appeals to the law as promptly and efficiently as it does the swollen, stiff-necked imitation lord, with his hired brains and his bogus crest.

Equality in America ought to mean that the bravest, ablest and best men should rule the state and the nation. Then the United States senate will not look like a mass meeting of plumbers.

When equality is better understood and becomes something besides an empty name, the term "political pull" will lose its significance, and the average voter will not even need a political pull to operate an election day cigar.

There has never been a better banner to fight under since the world began than that of freedom and equality before the law, and the banner that has this device written on it in plain, running hand, will generally be found at the head of the procession.

The man who is born in America finds, as soon as he does so, that his inside pocket is a small package of inalienable rights, among which are life liberty and the pursuits of happiness. If he happens to be born into our set he uses these inalienable rights with perfect impunity, swapping about among some of his more unfortunate companions until he also has their inalienable rights. He then proceeds to make a nuisance of himself.

Universal equality before the law has not been asserting itself very much lately, but the man who treads on the tail of its coat is liable not to get home in time for lunch, and when he does get home the chances are that he will bring a lobe of his liver with him in his pocket-bankerchief.

There is a little contemptible fear lurking about the breast of a few one horse Americans that some one may spring suddenly upon them and charge them some day with being the equal of somebody.

Their fear is entirely groundless. They can go to bed every night feeling perfectly secure in the comforting consciousness that they will wake up in the morning free from any such charge, and no man will ever go to them and insist on an equal division of brains with them unless he is a man whose brains are so abnormally large that they actually pain him.

DON'T FRET AND WORRY.

Words of Advice for Exhausted and Nervous Housekeepers.

"Every one of these doors creaks so horribly that it almost sets me wild," exclaimed a tired housekeeper, trying to rest a little after the labors of a wearisome day. Now this was not the first, perhaps it was the twentieth time she had made the same or a similar remark about the creaking of the doors, when with the aid of a bottle of oil and a feather she might have made them swing noiselessly and saved herself all the annoyances she had suffered.

It is a great deal easier to make suggestions than to follow them; but it seems to me that the "golden rule" for housekeepers might be this: If any thing goes wrong for which there is a remedy, apply it as soon as possible; if there is absolutely no remedy do not fret, but make the best of it."

I believe that often it is not the work that makes us feel so thoroughly weary at the end of the week as worrying over it. I remember of fretting a good deal over some Thanksgiving pies, complaining that I always spoiled them by putting in too much of one thing or another, when my sister quietly remarked that perhaps I put too much anxiety into them. I saw the point, and resolved henceforth to do the best I could with my cooking, and to worry less over results. Of course I had afterwards better success, and far more peace of mind.

There are days in the experience of every housekeeper when every thing seemed determined to go wrong, and a perfect avalanche of little troubles and perplexities seem to overwhelm one. Then, indeed, is she that ruleth her spirit "better then he that taketh a city."

But how often at the close of such a day have we to look back and seen that all came right at last in spite of our forebodings, and we have wished so much that we could have been self-controlled and sweet-tempered through it all.

It is so natural to magnify little troubles instead of remembering that they are not worth fretting about. If at breakfast the biscuits are a little too yellow, and the steak a trifle overdone, in almost every case no one will be troubled about if you are not.

If the coffee is not just exactly right no one will notice it unless you call attention to it by some disparaging remark. Especially should we guard against a habit of fretting because of the discomfort it causes those about us, and the bad influence it has upon them. If the housekeeper frets the children do the same, and the servants also, for nothing is more contagious and we have anything but a happy household. However badly things may go, nothing is gained by worrying over them, and if we can not always be bright and cheerful, we can at least endure patiently till the storm passes over and the sunshine returns as it surely will in due time.—*Christian at Work*

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13TH, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER

Democratic County Committee, 1887.

Bellefonte	N. W.	H. Y. Stitzer.
	S. W.	Edward Brown, Jr.
	W. W.	James Schofield.
Howard Boro		A. Weber.
Milesburg Boro		A. C. Witherite.
Millheim Boro		A. A. Frank.
Centre Hall Boro		D. J. Meyer.
Phillipsburg	1st W.	C. G. Herlinger.
	2nd W.	Henry Lehman.
	3rd W.	A. J. Graham.
Unionville Boro		A. J. Griest.
Benner twp		Thomas J. Frazer.
Boggs twp, N. P.		James Coakley.
" W. P.		Milligan Walker.
" E. P.		H. L. Harvey.
Burnside twp		Anson V. Dougherty.
College twp		John I. Williams.
Curtin twp		David Brickley.
Ferguson twp, E. P.		Henry Krebs.
" W. P.		Frank Bowersox.
Gregg twp, S. P.		Hiram Grove.
" N. P.		Josiah C. Rossman.
Haines twp, E. P.		William E. Keen.
" W. P.		George W. Keister.
Half Moon twp		William T. Bailey.
Harris twp		Frank E. Weiland.
Howard twp		John Glenn.
Huston twp		William Irwin.
Liberty twp		William H. Gardner.
Marion twp		John Ishler.
Miles twp		A. N. Corman.
Patton twp		J. C. Eckley.
Penn twp		Wm. H. Kreamer.
Potter twp, N. P.		F. A. Foreman.
" S. P.		W. W. Rover.
Rush twp, S. P.		Jacob M. Clarr.
" N. P		John B. Howe.
Snow Shoe, W. P.		Andrew J. Lucas.
" E. P.		James Redding.
Spring twp		William Woods.
Taylor twp		Wm Calderwook.
Walker twp		John H. Beck.
Worth twp		G. J. Woodring.
Union twp		Charles McGarvey.

H. Y. STITZER, Secretary. JAMES A. McCLAIN, Chairman.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
J. ROSS THOMPSON.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
B. J. McGRANN.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
JOHN GROVE, of Gregg township.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN NOLL, of Bellefonte.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES KIMPORT, of Harris township.

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN A. RUPP, of College township.

FOR RECORDER,
W. GALER MORRISON, of Worth twp.

FOR COMMISSIONERS,
A. J. GRIEST, of Unionville,
M. S. FIEDLER, of Haines township.

FOR AUDITORS,
W. A. KRISE, Gregg township.
H. A. McKEE, Spring township.

THE skies at St. Louis, Madison and St. Paul did not lower and frown upon the President, and he received wonderful ovations by the populace at all those places.

IF only Tuttle could have been induced to stay away from St. Louis, when the Grand Army men met there, it would perhaps not have rained so spitefully that week.

THERE are two things editor Fiedler of the *Gazette* can't do—run the county Democracy and tell the truth. The truth of this assertion will demonstrate itself on the 8th of November. Vote for GRIEST and FIEDLER.

LOOK OUT for Democratic tickets with one or more names of Republicans printed on. They are not the kind of ticket a straight-out Democrat ought to vote. When you are handed a ticket on election day read over the list of candidates before you pass it over to the ballot box. Vote for RUPP and MORRISON.

THE anarchists across the pond are altogether too sympathetic. They are getting up a subscription in England to aid the condemned anarchists of Chicago. If we are not mistaken in American justice they might well keep their money [illegible] as Spies, Parsons and the [illegible] must hang as the[illegible] rest of them, [illegible] deserve to hang.

SOME [illegible] the Republican papers, among them the *Gazette* of Bellefonte, are so much surprised at the fact that President Cleveland pays the traveling expenses of his western trip, amounting to about $10,000, out of his pocket, that they cannot bring themselves to believe it. True, under Republican rule, the like has not yet occurred, but we are now living under a Democratic Reform administration. That makes all the difference.

SENATOR VOORHEES is a thorough-going Cleveland man now. He says: "He is the safest, most conservative and withal best President that ever sat in the White House chair. He is a man of undoubted intelligence and of exceptional bravery. Like Davy Crockett, he first makes sure he's right and then goes ahead, no matter what the consequences. Cleveland will be renominated by the Democrats certainly, and that too by acclamation. The enthusiasm his name will create in the convention will be something the like of which has never been known. As I remarked, he will be nominated by acclamation and elected by a rousing majority. Governor Hill is a good man, but will hen ever be a candidate while Grover is in the field. The only thing that can prevent the latter's election is—death."

THE divorce mania is growing alarming in this country. Chicago seems to be in the lead and some days scores as high as one hundred cases. Other cities in the Union are not very far behind in their divorce record and the question comes involuntarily to one's mind where this painful breaking up of homes and families is to end if divorce cases keep on increasing as they have done for the last decade. With such a state of society no one can wonder where in socialism, anarchism and communism have their root. As the links holiest and most beneficial to mankind are rudely severed, the general condition of society must and will become demoralized and thus unlawful and corrupt principles being nutured. There is certainly much room for reform in the divorce laws.

DON'T TRADE! As the election draws near the opposition party is be ginning to use all means—fair or foul—to induce Democrats to make an exchange that will of course mainly benefit the Republican ticket. We warn Democratic voters to watch closely and stick to their colors. There is nothing whatever to be made out of such a transaction. The men on the Democratic ticket, without an exception, are all deserving of the unanimous support of their party, they were nominated by the Democratic people through their delegates at the convention, and up to this day nothing detrimental to their character, standing or merits could be truthfully said. Consequently there is no occasion to trade any of them off for a Republican. Centre county always has been Democratic and under Democratic rule has been prospering, its offices have been well and conscientously filled, and the taxpayers had very little cause, if, any to complain. We don't see the necessity of a policical change in any department of our local administration and we therefore advise all Democrats to vote the Democratic ticket from top to bottom. Don't trade! Vote for NOLL, KIMPORT, GROVE, RUPP and MORRISON.

Cultivating Church Harmony.

It is a notable and encouraging sign of the times that the leading minds in the various Christian bodies are beginning to realize that the spirit of Christianity requires all professing Christians to work in harmony instead of antagonizing each other, as has been too much the custom in the past. A call has been issued for a general conference of all Evangelical Christians to be held under the auspices of the National Evangelical Alliance in Washington, December 7, 8 and 9. The call is signed by eighty-six leading ecclesiastics and laymen, including some of the best known men of the day.

The call itself is a remarkable document. Among the important things it recommends for consideration by the conference is the importance of closing the widening chasm between the churches and the multitude; the necessity for giving more time and attention to questions which concern the public welfare, and a plan by which harmful competition between local churches in the smaller towns and villages may be prevented. The call recognizes the fact that the country is now beginning to approximate European conditions in the existence of great cities, severe competition, an unemployed class and increasing pauperism and crime. To counteract the dangers arising from these conditions it urges that the conference devise more effective means of reaching the masses and provide a plan of practical co-operation on the part of all the Protestant churches.

There is doubtless room for great improvement in the matters suggested by the call. It is true that in too many instances the churches are regarded as places for the religious edification of the well-to-do portion of the community. There may be no just ground for this feeling on the part of the masses, but that it exists cannot be denied. If there is any real cause for it that cause should be removed, and if there is not it is essential that the false impression be overcome. In dealing with humanity it is necessary to allay and remove groundless prejudices, as well as to impart positive truth, and an essential part of the work of the religious teacher is the removal of such prejudices. Some way can be found of making the masses feel that Christianity is adapted to the poor as well as the rich. Its founder did it, and His successors should be able to.

That much evil has been done and much labor and money wasted by attempting to maintain three or four churches of different denominations in localities where only one could be decently supported, is patent to everybody. There are hundreds of places in the country where no religious services are maintained at all, but in which from two to half a dozen dilapidated and decaying church edifices are to be found. One society could have prospered and been a power for good, too many led to the enforced abandonment of all. If the Washington conference can devise some means of abolishing this crying evil, it will accomplish [illegible]ing this if it does nothing else. [illegible] great good

That the churches [illegible] tors of good government should be the conservative said. If they [illegible]ent does not need to tical feature [illegible]should take up this practical [illegible] of moral teaching, however, Amer[illegible]at result. It is true that the in[illegible]an people, and especially the moral, [illegible]ligent portion of them, are too much given to the accumulation of dollars to devote sufficient time and attention to their duties as citizens. Because of this political rings flourish and political bosses rule. Partisan preaching is simply intolerable, but if the church members of this country could be taught to subordinate their partisanship to the public welfare, or, in other words, to place the duties of the citizen ahead of those of the partisan, the reign of both rings and bosses would be at an end. The proposed conference has a wide field in which to labor, and if it accomplishes a tithe of the good things marked out for it in the call which convenes it no other justification will be required for calling it into existence.—*Philadelphia Sunday Times.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 11, 1887.

It was the proud boast of the Emperor Augustus, that he had found Rome built of brick and left it built of marble—the chief glory of that great Empire's golden age; and in modern times, if we are to believe those who, as if by a magic wand, have performed the wonderful feat of converting Alexander R. Shepherd from a vulgar political boss—who was, while Governor of the District of Columbia, during the reign of Grantism, cheek by jowl with Babcock, Belknap and other corruptionists—into a demi-god, upon whom they have conferred the unique distinction of canonization ere he has "shuffled off this mortal coil,"—we have a parallel case, for it is claimed that St. Shepherd found Washington a wild waste of mud and left it the most beautiful city in the United States. And if you had suddenly come into the Federal Capital on Thursday night, Oct. 6th, 1887, you would have shrunk aghast at the awful din and glare and smoke and sound of music, supposing that you had been accidentally switched off into the very centre of pandemonium—but nothing of the kind, dear reader—you would simply have been a disgusted spectator of St. Shepherd's triumphal torchlight procession and general parade of all the Shepherdites and trueulent to adies to be found in the broad borders of Washington. The Boss—I beg pardon, the Saint—gave Washington smooth, solid streets and shaded, grassy parks—to say nothing of a glorious public debt of many millions, therefore perhaps, a majority of the Washingtonions worship him as the patron saint and savior of the city. They had not yet proposed to change the name of Washington to Shepherdton, but such a thing is quite probable, for one enthusiast has nominated Shepherd for President of the United States. How much better and more christian-like it would have been to have contributed to the poor, whom we always have with us, the ten thousand dollars squandered in glorifying Shepherd.

Thoughts of another prominent Republican now come to mind—the unsavory Bacon, who spoiled on the hands of his party and who, as financial clerk, dispoiled the Patent Office of $30,000, according to the report of the Commissioner of Patents, which has just been submitted to the Secretary of the Interior. The amount of the defalcation is much larger than had been supposed, and furnished the strongest of arguments for turning the rascals out. Bacon had been stealing thirteen years, and was not detected until an undertaker's call was imperative.

The October term of the United States Supreme Court convenes this week, with a docket largely increased over that of last year. Among the cases of note I will mention two—the celebrated Myra Clark Gaines litigation against the City of New Orleans, and the famous telephone case.

The day before the meeting of the Court was consumed by the Bar of the Supreme Court in eulogizing the late Justice Woods.

Secretary Lamar continues to reverse the idemnity railroad land decisions of Commissioner Sparks—the Secretary's last overruling having restored 329,000 acres to the Omaha road.

Secretary Lamar now secludes himself from unwelcome visitors upon the plea that he is absorbed in preparing his annual report.

The National Republican Executive Committee will soon meet in New York or Washington to arrange the preliminaries for the meeting of the National Convention—the Committee being required to convene six months before the assemblage of the Convention. Chicago, New York and Saratoga are always in the field for the honor, and some there are who favor Washington.

The limit for purchasing fourteen millions of bonds under the Treasury's September circular expired on the 8th inst., the total sales to that date amounting to $13,376,850, which is $623,150 less than the call demanded for the purposes of the sinking fund. What the future policy of the Treasury on the question of bonds will be, the Secretary declines to state.

NEW YORK POLITICALLY.

Governor Hill Says the Democrats will Win Because They Deserve Success.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct 10.—Governor Hill, who just returned to the excutive mansion, was asked this morning which party would win in this state this fall. His answer was this: "The democrats will win because they deserve success. In the first place, they have the best ticket. Their candidates are capable, honest and popular. Secretary of State Cook, as every body calls him "Sid" Cook, is one of the best men in the state, and a very popular official. He was a poor German boy who came to this country to seek his fortune, and by his own industry and ability, unaided by influence or powerful friends, has made a deserved reputation as a successful business man. The others upon the ticket were all poor boys, who had no rich or influential father to aid them, and may all be said to be self made men. I have no criticism to offer as to the candidacy of Colonel Grant, except to say that the nomination would never have been made except to retrieve the blunder which the republican senate made last winter to confirm him as a quarantine commissioner. His nomination was an attempt to extricate the party from the awkward position in which their foolish senators had placed it, and has no other merit."

Miscellaneous News.

Smothered to Death In an Ore Mine.

READING, Pa., Oct. 6.—Charles Holbach aged 18, and August Phifer, aged 40, were smothered to-day at Weiber's ore mine, by the giving away of the embankment.

Beats His Former Record.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7.—At the Athletic association grounds to-day W. Byrd Page, the champion running high jumper, jumped six feet four inches, beating his best previous record of six feet three and one-quarter inches.

Jacob Sharp's Further Stay.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Yesterday Justice Ruger heard the case and immediately at the close of the argument extended the stay of execution of judgment upon Jacob Sharp until October 19, when the court of appeals will hear the argument on the case.

A Very Lucky Pick-up.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Oct. 7.—The schooner Peregrin White, while cruising off Cape Sable, found a large grayish mass floating on the water. It was picked up, and chemists here pronounce it to be ambergis. The specimen weighs 125 pounds, and is worth $30 an ounce, or $59,800 in all.

A Large Hotel Destroyed by Fire.

Bryn Mawr hotel, the popular summer resort owned by the Pennsylvania railroad was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. All the guests, together with their baggage, got out safely. The loss on the building is estimated at $200,000 and on furniture, etc. $30,000, mostly insured.

Attempt to Wreck an Excursion Train.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., October 8.—An attempt was made last night to wreck the Yankton passenger train on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Road on a curve a mile this side of Ella Point by fastening an oak tie on the track. The engineer discovered the obstruction too late to stop, but luckily the train was not derailed. Over five hundred excursionists were crowded into the coaches, and had the designs of the villains been accomplished the loss of life would have been frightful. A Sheriff's posse is on the trail of the perpetrators.

Lost in the Woods and Starved to Death.

WILKESBARRE, October 9.—Last Sunday Mrs. Bettie Seiger, residing at Fairview, left her home and wandered into the woods on the Wilkesbarre Mountain. The old lady was 82 years old and very infirm. About one hundred men organized a posse and searched the woods all week, but no trace of the old lady could be found. To-day three hundred men and boys joined in the search. About 4 o'clock this afternoon the dead body of the woman was found in the heart of the woods. She had starved to death.

A Religious Monomaniac Kills Himself.

WILKESBARRE, October 9.—Yesterday afternoon Ire Kline, a young farmer residing near Shickshinny, who has been afflicted with religious monomania for some time, took his gun and started off into the woods, saying he was going to hunt. His body was found about a mile from his home with the top of his head blown off. He had put the muzzle of the gun under his chin and touched the trigger with his foot. Pinned to his coat was a note saying he had shot himself because he was without hope for the next world.

Burglars Fire a Barn for the Purpose of Robbing the Farmer.

TAMAQUA, Pa., Oct. 11.—The barn of J. P. Zettlemoyer five miles from this place, was set on fire by outlaws and destroyed, with its contents, consisting of the season's crops and live stock. The loss will reach $8,000, the insurance amounts to only $500. Mr. Zettlemoyer is a well-to-do farmer, and last Saturday was returned to him by a neighbor a loan of $800. The money was placed in a bureau drawer until it could be put in bank. Several suspicious persons were subsequently seen in the vicinity of his residence, and it is believed that they fired the barn for the purpose of robbing the house while the family were at the fire.

Death of an Ex-Member of the Legislature.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Oct. 10.—Hon. Jas. D. McDowell, died at the residence of his nephew, Mr. Wm. Gillan, in St. Thomas yesterday after an illness of two weeks. He was born in this county in 1816, and has resided here all his life. In 1976. he was chosen associate judge, serving until 1867. In 1881 he was elected to the lower house of legislature. His body will be interred in Waddall's graveyard near Bridgeport to-morrow morning.

YELLOW FEVER IN FLORIDA.

One Death and Eight New Cases Since the Last Report.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 10.—The marine hospital bureau is in receipt of a telegram from deputy collector Spencer at Tampa, Florida, saying that one death and 8 new cases of fever have occurred at that place since last advices, and that funds and nurses are urgently needed, the town treasury being empty and the people being demoralized. Acting Surgeon-General Stoper has telegraphed to the president of the Tampa board of health, asking if the disease existing there is yellow fever, and if so what steps are being taken for its suppression. A telegram has been received from the postmaster at Tampa denying that yellow fever exists there, but stating that dengue fever is prevalent.

An Ex-Governor's Death.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Oct. 8.—Ex-Governor William S. Washburn, of Greenfield, died suddenly on Wednesday morning while attending the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Mission, in the city hall. He was sitting upon the platform, and while Dr. Smith was reading the annual survey, and soon after the opening, he fell forward into the lap of the gentleman next to him, and expired in a few minutes. He was born in Winchendon, Mass., in 1820. He graduated from Yale college in 1844; entered the state senate in 1850; was identified with the Republican party since its organization, and in 1862 went to congress, being returned by every succeeding term until made governor in 1871; was re-elected in 1872 and 1873, and in 1874 he was chosen to the unexpired term of Charles Sumner in the United States senate.

Death of Two Prominent Men.

John B. Finch, the able and eloquent leader of the Prohibition party and Good Templars in Massachusetts, died suddenly of heart disease at the railroad depot in Boston on Monday night, the 3d instant, just after having returned from a meeting at Lynn, where he made a speech.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Thomas Cortland Manning, United States minister to Mexico, died in this city this morning at the Fifth Avenue hotel, where he had been stopping for about a week. He came to New York for the purpose of attending a meeting of the trustees of the Peabody educational fund, of whom he was one, but was taken ill with inflammation of the bowels almost immediately upon his arrival, and despite all the medical skill and attention could do he succumbed to the attack this morniug.

Judge Manning was a man of great legal ability and large experience although only about fifty-one years of age at the time of his death.

LONDON'S HOMELESS POOR.

They Have a Parade and Demand Work or Bread.

LONDON, October 8.—Two hundred of the homeless poor, unemployed persons who sleep at night in Trafalgar Square, to-day paraded in a body through the principal street in the West End. They carried a black banner, bearing in white the inscription: "We will work or have bread."

A large force of police, mounted and on foot, accompanied the procession, which eventually returned to Trafalgar Square, and, with the followers attracted, held a meeting. The orators who addressed this semblage described the hardships of the lot of those whose only resting place in London at night is a public square and declared that the only means they had of drawing the attention of the public to their condition was by such demonstrations as they had just made. The meeting adopted a resolution to reassemble in the same place next Monday and to continue to parade daily until relief was afforded.

GROVER, CLEVELAND, FRANCES.

A Touching Tribute of Regard for the President and His Wife.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 7.—Some time since Mrs. John Hostetter, of Perry county gave birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. The parents decided to call them Grover, Cleveland and Frances, respectively. A letter was written to the President to which he sent the following reply:

"Mr. Fry, of Newport, Pa., has informed me of the birth to you simultaneously of three children, two boys and a girl, and has also stated that you have selected Grover, Cleveland and Frances respectively, for their names in compliment to Mrs. Cleveland and myself. I have quite a number of namesakes whose parents have been good enough to make manifest their friendly feeling, but it is exceptional that the opportunity is presented to show, in such a marked degree, the confidence and regard your action implies. Thanking you for your courtesy, and expressing the hope that you may be permitted to see the children grow in years and strength, I am very truly yours,

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

TRAIN'S LECTURE IN CHICAGO.

Almost a Riot—Police Stand Ready With Drawn Revolvers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—There came near being a riot at Citizen Train's lecture, at the Princess theatre, Saturday evening. After he had delivered one of his rambling, incoherent talks, for the most part a repetition of his lecture in the afternoon, a local anarchist got up and began a fiery harangue devoted to denunciations of the police. He stirred the audience to such a pitch of frenzy that men started from their seats with shouts and loud curses. About thirty detectives were present, drawn up in front of the speaker's platform and the infuriated crowd took two or three steps toward them.

It looked as though there was going to be a bloody fight. The police stood ready, grasping their revolvers and warning the people to sit down. Citizen Train jumped from the platform and running in front of the police begged the people to be quiet and not make a disturbance. He seemed thoroughly in earnest and his energetic appeal was very different from his rambling speech from the stage. Other speakers helped him and in a few moments the trouble was passed. It was deemed best, however, in the excited state of the people's feelings, to get them out of the theatre as soon as possible, so the meeting was dismissed at once. It is doubtful if Train will be allowed to speak again. The anarchists are so intensely excited that it would not take much of a spark to kindle a big fire. If to-night's meeting had been held in the public square the police say there would certainly been a riot.

A VERY PECULIAR CASE.

He is Declared Innocent, but is to be Hanged.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 7.—By a decision of the court of appeals a man declared innocent of crime by his alleged accomplice in a confession on the scaffold is sentenced to death. On the morning of April 21 last Jennie Overmann was murdered in this city. Albert Turner was arrested for the crime, confessed and said Bill Patterson was his accomplice. Both men were tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Turner accepted his sentence, but Patterson maintained his innocence and appealed. The evidence against him was all circumstantial, excepting Turner's confession.

Turner was hanged in the jail yard July 1 last, and on the scaffold made another confession, in which he said Patterson was an innocent man and had nothing to do with the crime. Many people believed he lied in the presence of death, while others accepted the plausible theory that his first confession was a lie. Patterson's case went to the court of appeals and was decided this morning, the sentence of the lower court being affirmed. The court of appeals could take no cognizance of Turner's confession on the scaffold, but necessarily rendered its decision on the matter before the lower court. The date for Patterson's execution has not been set.

ANOTHER RAILROAD DISASTER.

A Fast Freight Crushes Into a Passenger Train.

KUNTZ, Ind., Oct. 11.—The east bound express that left Chicago last night with a great load of passengers, had ocasion to stop at a water, tank three miles west of here, to make some repairs to the locomotive. The train had scarcely come to a stop when an east bound fast freight loaded with fresh meat ran into the rear of the express. The wreck quickly took fire and the sight of the shrieking victims and dancing flames wss one never to be forgotten.

When the reporters arrived here this morning all the dead bodies had been removed from sight. Only two of the wounded were still in the village, and the local employes of the road were deaf and dumb to all seekers after information. The only person about, willing to tell the details of the horror was Dr. McKee, who responded to the call to go to the scene of the wreck, three miles from his residence. Dr. McKee rendered noble service. He had scant time to give his experience in detail, but told that to the best of his knowledge it would not be overstating facts to say that the collision had cost the lives of fully thirty people. It was shortly after 1 o'clock this morning when he reached the wreck, and he immediately began to give his services to the wounded. Those who were badly hurt when the crash came, he says, must have had little chance for their lives, so quickly had the cars taken fire and so thorough was the work of the flames.

Superintendent Parsons, of the Chicago and Atlantic said that the trainmen depended on a semaphone light two thousand feet in the rear of where the stop was made. The conductor of the train had pulled the cord for this light when he stepped from his train. This would throw the glare of the red danger signal on the track. The night, however, was foggy and the engineer of the fast freight must have failed to to see the signal.

Deafness Can't be Cured.

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

—I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. I should long ago have been six feet under the sod if I had not taken Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.—D. D. Hoag, Lebanon Springs, N. Y., Price $1. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper. 28-4t.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre Co., the undersigned, administrators of the estate of Henry Vonada, late of Haines township, deceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises of decedent, one mile northeast of Woodward, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29TH, 1887,

at half-past 12 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate to wit:

All those certain pieces or tracts of land situate in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

No. 1 contains 24 acres and 108 perches, neat measure and is bounded on the south by lands of Geo. Vonada, and others, on the east by lands of Adam Weaver, on the north by tract No. 2, and lands of Geo. and Danl. Vonada, on the west by lands of Danl. Vonada and Sol. Ettinger's estate. About thirteen acres thereof are in good state of cultivation. Thereon erected a LOG DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE and other outbuildings. Good spring of water and choice fruit on the premises. The remainder is covered with good oak and chestnut timber.

No 2 contains 271 acres and 64 perches and is bounded on the south by lands of Danl. Vonada, Ettinger's estate, tract No. 1 and Adam Weaver, on the east by lands of J. C. Motz and Philip S. Dale, on the north by tract No. 3 and on the west by lands of Geo. and Wm. Vonada and Mrs. Brassler. About 200 acres thereof are cleared and in cultivation, the balance in pine, hemlock, oak and chestnut timber. Thereon erected a SAW MILL, DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and all other necessary outbuildings. Spring and well water, as well as two orchards of choice fruit on the premises.

No 3 contains 223 acres and 154 perches and is bounded on the south by tract No 2, on the east by lands of Saml and Benj. Orndorf, on the north by lands of Henry Snyder, John Garey and others, and on the west by lands of Thos. Hosterman, Danl. Miller and others. About 75 acres cleared and cultivated, with a new FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN, and other outbuildings thereon erected. Good spring of water close to the house. A number of fruit trees on the premises. The balance is covered with good timber of nearly all kinds.

TERMS OF SALE:—One third of the purchase money to be paid upon confirmation of sale, one third in one year, with interest, and the interest of the remaining one third to be paid to Mary Vonada, widow of said decedent, annually during her natural life time, and at her death the principal sum or one third to be paid to those legally entitled to receive the same, the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

F. P. VONADA,
T. E. VONADA,
Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Garey, late of Haines township, Centre co., Pa., having been granted to the subscriber, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. Time and place for settlement, forenoon of September 3rd, 1887, at the late residence of decedent.

DAVID GEARY,
Executor.

Salt Rheum

The agonies of those who suffer from severe salt rheum are indescribable. The cleansing, healing, purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla are unequalled by any other medicine.

"I take pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it has done wonders for me. I had salt rheum very severely, affecting me over nearly my entire body. Only those who have suffered from this disease in its worst form can imagine the extent of my affliction. I tried many medicines, but failed to receive benefit until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then the disease began to subside, the

Agonizing Itch and Pain

disappeared, and now I am entirely free from the disease. My blood seems to be thoroughly purified, and my general health is greatly benefited." LYMAN ALLEN, Sexton N. E. Church, North Chicago, Ill.

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and the calves of his legs, so bad that they would crack open and bleed. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

From 108 to 135

"I was seriously troubled with salt rheum for three years, and receiving no benefit from medical treatment I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now entirely cured of salt rheum; my weight has increased from 108 lbs. to 135." MRS. ALICE SMITH, Stamford, Conn.

If you suffer from salt rheum, or any blood disease, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured many others, and will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A. J. CAMPBELL, Agt.,

—‡COBURN, PA.‡—

has taken sole charge of the grain house, formerly owned by Whitmer & Lincoln, and will conduct the same in the most business like manner. I will pay the

Highest Market Prices

for all kinds of

Grain, Seeds, &c.

And will also keep on hand

Coal, Salt, Flour, Chop, &c.

which will be sold at reasonable prices.

☞ I expect to deal fair and square and treat all alike. Thanking the patrons of the old firm I hope they will continue to deal with me. I invite all others for a share of their patronage.

Respectfully,

A. J. Campbell, Agt.

Cheap Store

AT

Madisonburg, Pa.

I would call the attention of the public to my full line of

General * Merchandise,

comprising Ladies' Dress Goods, in all varieties, Cassimeres, Hats & Caps, Boots and Shoes, excellent line of Notions, Glass & Queensware, Hardware, Groceries, and in fact everything to be found in a complete mercantile establishment.

☞ Remember my prices are low while my goods are fresh and satisfactory.

Call and examine.

No trouble to show goods.

L. B. Stover.

WORK FOR ALL. Permanent employment given to energetic men and women everywhere, $50 a week and all expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and full particulars free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me. Don't miss this chance. Write to-day. 40-4t

Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

WINCHESTER'S

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless remedy for **Consumption** in every stage of the disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Disease, Loss of Flesh and Appetite**, and every form of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞ BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 38-3t 162 William Street, New York.

ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists everywhere. 38-4t

KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

More Strongly Vouched For Than Any Other Drug of Modern Times.

A POWERFUL TONIC

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine. Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. Sold by

or sent by mail on receipt of price.

KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

My customers and the public in general are respectfully informed that I have a

—:LARGE ASSORTMENT:—

OF TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED

HATS - AND - BONNETS

AND ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

BEST SELECTIONS OF TRIMMINGS, &C.

I respectfully invite your patronage, assuring you that both my goods and prices will suit you.

ANNA M. WEAVER, Millheim, Pa.

JUST OPENED!

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that she has just opened

AT REBERSBURG,

o—‡A FINE STOCK OF‡—o

MILLINERY * GOODS.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and see my goods.

My prices will convince you that it is to your interest to patronize me.

MRS. LOUISA HARTER.

BEST ENGLISH TWIST BARRELS,

THE ITHACA GUN DAMASCUS STEEL BARRELS,

$35 $50 to $200.

MOST DURABLE AND BEST SHOOTING GUN MADE.

Strong, simple, well balanced. All have Top Lever, Low Hammers, Rebounding Locks, Interchangeable Parts, Extension Rib, Self-Fastening Compensating Fore End, Rubber Butt Plate.

Close Hard Shooting Guns at Long Range a Specialty.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

ITHACA GUN CO., - - - ITHACA, N. Y.

JUST COME!

MY GOODS ARE HERE!

THE BEST SELECTED, MOST COMPLETE AND ATTRACTIVE LINE OF—

DRY GOODS,

consisting of CASHMERES, LADIES' CLOTHS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, and all goods belonging under this head.

CLOTHING,

comprising MEN'S FULL SUITS, OVERCOATS, BOYS' SUITS, OVERALLS, and other articles which space does not permit to mention.

HATS & CAPS,

the latest styles for winter wear, for Men, Youths and Boys.

BOOTS & SHOES,

a full invoice of all styles, all sizes, all prices, and all warranted good.

NOTIONS,

a large assortment of HOSIERY, LADIES' AND GENTS' UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, GERMANTOWN AND SAXONY WOOLS, ZEPHYRS, GENTS' SHIRTS, LINEN AND SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, Ribbons, and the thousands of other articles to be found in the Notion Line.

GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

an immense assortment containing the latest and loveliest styles in market

GROCERIES

and Provisions, anything and everything for table use, always fresh.

So I start this Fall with a wonderful quantity of goods, with the determination to have the largest business ever known.

I'll depend on my very low prices making it of interest to you to buy of me.

D. S. KAUFFMAN.

HARNESS & COLLARS

WHIPS & FLYNETTS,

anything in that line to be had at my shop,

AT THE TOLLGATE, NORTH OF

MILLHEIM, PA.

Harness made to order, and repairing neatly and promptly done.

LOWEST RATES.

☞ Anything not on hand will be cheerfully ordered.

HORSE COLLARS,

especially adapted for farmers' use and all ordinary team work. A STAPLE ARTICLE, at prices to suit all purses.

A call at my place and a trial of my goods will convince you that I deal fairly and squarely.

J. H. WOOMER.

MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

PATENTS F. A. Lehmann, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. 38-4t

MUSSER HOUSE,

Cor. Main & North St.,

MILLHEIM, - - - PENNA.

W. S. MUSSER, Prop'r.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.

Good Sample Rooms.

☞ *Fine and comfortable Bus running to and from all trains.*

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY ATTACHED.

Fine Single and Double Teams always in readiness for the use of guests.

ARE YOU **CONSUMPTIVE**

Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use **PARKER'S GINGER TONIC** without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exh

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13TH, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Local Paragraphs.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!

The undersigned wishing to quit the mercantile business take pleasure in informing the public that they will sell AT AND BELOW COST their entire stock of General Merchandise, consisting of all kinds of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, COTTON AND WOOLEN FLANNELS, JEANS, CASSIMERES, a full line of NOTIONS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS, GENTS' WOOLEN UNDERWEAR, OVERALLS, SHAWLS, SKIRTS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, GLASS & QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, WOODENWARE, DRUGS, GROCERIES, &c.

The goods are nearly all in good condition and must be sold at any price. Close buyers will find this a rare opportunity for bargains. As "ocular proof is the best demonstration," you are most cordially invited to call, examine and price the goods. Awaiting an early visit to our store on Main street, we remain,

Very Respectfully Yours,

E. C. CAMPBELL & ON.

—Try us for fine job printing.

—SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

—Clothing, any kind, any price at D. S. Kauffman's.

—First-class job work at done the JOURNAL office.

—Sweet Potatoes and Oysters just received at J. W. Stover's.

—Mill Hall recently organized a brass band with seventeen members.

—Don't forget to take a look at the stock of carpets at D. S. Kauffman's.

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—1000 pair of Boots and Shoes now ready. 38-4t

—Typhoid fever prevails in the neighborhood of Swengel and Millmont, Union county.

—Men's Lumberman's and Driving Boots, hand and machine made, at Musser's shoe store.

—Buy your coal now—the longer you wait the more you pay. Consult A. J. Campbell's market prices.

—A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Shirleysburg, Huntingdon County, on Sunday a week ago.

—J. W. Stover took a short trip to Bellefonte on Monday, being called there on tax collector's business.

—The round trip fare from Coburn to Bellefonte to-morrow will be $1.73, including a ticket for Barnum's great show.

—The many remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes are sufficient proof that it does possess peculiar curative powers.

—Wenrich, the man who stabbed Drumbeller at Selinsgrove last Fourth of July, was sentenced to 25 months in the penitentiary.

—A cold and raw wind sprang up on Monday night, accompanied by some showers of rain, and ever since the atmosphere has been falling.

—Clayton Weaver, one of Hartman's foundry bands, of this place, is doing some carpenter work for Thos. Grenninger, in Tylersville, this week.

—Miss Susan C. Wise, of Aaronsburg, left this week for Linden Hall, to stay with Mrs. Jacob Morris, for several weeks, and probably all winter.

—Our townsman, G. W. Stover, was presented with a lovely little daughter by his wife on last Sunday. Wash feels like putting on a new harness now.

—The cool waves whisper "Protection for your Persons," and gently usher you to the best line of underwear at D. S. Kauffman's to keep warm.

—A large flock of wild geese were seen to pass over the valley yesterday morning and according to the sayings of old-timers we will now soon have a snow.

—Woodward and Aaronsburg are going to have singing schools the coming winter under Prof. Lowell Moyer. What is Millheim going to do about it?

—Musser & Smith's corner store room on Main street is occupied for the time being by a gentleman who seems to deal in dry goods, novelties and tinware.

—Miss Auman, a sister of our neighbor, W. N. Auman, has secured a position in the Knitting Mills at this place, and is making her home at her brother's house.

—Did you see those colored glassmugs in Stover's grocery? They are little beauties in themselves and are brimful of Royal Baking Powder. Only 12 cts. a piece.

—Miss Mary Frank, who made her home with Mr. Jonathan Harter's on Penn street, took sick with a sore throat and went over home to Madisonburg, to recuperate.

—Please bear in mind that the JOURNAL office turns out the handsomest sale posters in the valley and at as low prices as any office in the county. Send or bring in your orders.

—The Bellefonte jail is at present without prisoners. Must be a very quiet life for the sheriff, but it is a striking evidence of the good behavior of Centre county's people.

—The story of Luther Shaffer's confession about the murder of the Colbys, as published in last Sunday's *Grit*, is proclaimed to be entirely false. Shaffer has not made any confessions at all.

MORE HANDS WANTED.—The Messrs. Crawford are in need of more hands at the Millheim Knitting Mills and will receive applications for work at their office in the factory building.

FOR SALE.—The property of John Swartz, Sr., late of Millheim, deceased, situate on North street, is offered for sale. Apply to or address

G. W. SWARTZ, Executor,
Lewistown, Pa.

—Mr. Geo. P. Ruhl, of Hatleton, Union county, arrived in town last week one day, and is lying sick with typhoid fever at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Harter, on Penn street.

—Miss Kate Keen started away this morning to pay a two week's visit to her brother, Rev. E. D. Keen, at Liverpool, Pa. They'll be sad two weeks for a certain young gentleman of this place.

—Jerry Kern, one of John Kern's sons, is studying the tonsorial art under the tutorship of barber Springer, of this place. Jerry is an apt scholar and manages to shave the easier faces without a scratch.

—Ulrich and Smith, our ambitious brothers of the quill, of the Centre County *Times*, talk of starting a daily paper at Centre Hall at some future time. Their bumps of enterprise are certainly highly developed.

—The barn of Mrs. Sue Thompson, east of Mifflinburg, was destroyed by fire, last Friday afternoon. Some farm implements, belonging to the tenant, Mr. Bowersox, were also burned. The cause of the fire is unknown.

—Mrs. Maria Weaver's Millinery establishment on Penn street is the place to buy a stylish hat for the winter. All the new shapes kept in stock, and trimmed up in the best manner. Notice advertisment on second page.

—Jacob Keen's residence on Penn street is being improved by weatherboarding, painting and other repair work. This change will make another attractive and neat little home for the southern portion of Millheim.

OF PARTICULAR INTEREST.—The new millinery advertisements in this issue will be of particular interest to the ladies, who can have their pick and choice in the manifold attractions which the milliners offer for inspection.

—Dr. W. H. Davis, a well-known physician of Milton, was instantly killed by the News Express train, on the P. & E. railroad, at the Mahoning street crossing, Milton, while driving in his carriage on Wednesday morning of last week.

—Two gentlemen were in town several days last week with a fence building machine, the merits of which they exhibited on Penn street. The contrivance seemed very convenient and practical, but we did not hear of any sales made.

—All are invited to call on Miss Sadie E. Grove and examine her stock of Fall and Winter Millinery goods which have just been received from New York. Her place of business is in J. G. Meyer's house, opposite the hotel in Aaronsburg.

—Three prisoners in the Clearfield county jail attempted to escape last Saturday night. The breaking of the rope which let the first one drop into the jail yard about 25 feet frustrated their plans and the fugitive was recaged in another cell.

—Editor Feidler and Daniel Rhoads, of Bellefonte, the latter the republican candidate for Associate Judge, were in town on Tuesday, presumably to feel the political pulse of this section of the county. Guess they found it beating strongly for Groye.

—Mrs. Louisa Harter publishes her regular advertisement of her new millinery shop in Rebersburg this week. She wishes the ladies of Brushvalley to call on her and see her nice stock of goods. She keeps the latest and guarantees satisfactory work.

—The proprietors of the Millheim meat market always make it a paint to slaughter splendid fat cattle, the meat of which they have on sale at their market on Main street. This is sufficient invitation to all who prize choice beef to buy of Gettig & Kreamer.

—Next Sabbath morning at the usual hour there will be divine services in the Lutheran church at Aaronsburg in the German language and in the afternoon the annual Thanksgiving service will be held at St. Paul's church, also in the German language, by the pastor, Rev. Deitzler.

—Prof. Henry Drummond, of Glasgow, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," made a strong point when he told the Yale College students "there is a great deal of religion in this country, but not much Christianity." We think that's a pointer to ponder over right here at home.

—After a visit of two weeks in this place and Aaronsburg, Mrs. Joanna Keen returned to her home, Edwardsburg, Mich., last Thursday. Both her children were ailing during her stay here, which caused her to cut her visit short. We hope they may reach their western home well and in safety.

—Mrs. Brumgard's elegant stock of hats and bonnets and the other articles that go to make up her line of goods are pronounced lovely by all who are competent to judge. It is also said that her stock is larger than ever before and is constantly being replenished. Ladies, read her announcement in another column and call on her.

—Dr. J. F. Alexander, of Centre Hall, is taking his wife to Los Angelos, California, this week, to give the invalid the benefits of the balmy southern climate. Their many friends hope that the experiment may restore Mrs. Alexander's health in full. Hon. Leonard Rhone and wife, of the same place will also start on a western trip this week, to consume the greater part of this fall.

AN APPEAL FOR BUILDING FUNDS.—The building committee of the new Lutheran church of Coburn would respectfully remind those who have subscribed to said new church edifice, that they are sorely pressed for funds in order to push the work as far as possible before winter and would therefor kindly request an early payment of said subscriptions.

A VALULBLE ESTATE FOR SALE.—F. P. and T. E. Vonado, administrators, offer for sale all the real estate of the late Henry Vonada in Haines twp. The estate consists of three tracts of and, situate about one mile northeast of Woodward, and all of them well improved. This estate offords a good opportunity for solid investment. See bills and notice in this week's paper.

—Among the further improvements which are being made by the Evangelical congregation in front of their church edifice on Penn street is a substantial flagstone payement. There is no mistake but that things about that building will be right after the job is completed. John Road, the mason, is busy hammering away day by day dressing the large and heavy sandstone.

NATIONAL HOTEL FOR RENT.—The undersigned wishes to give notice that her hotel property on Main street, Millheim, going under the name of National Hotel, will be for rent from April 1st, 1888. This popular stand is in the very best condition, has a central location, and the buildings afford all the modern accommodations. Can be rented on easy terms. For further particulars apply to or address,

40-4t MRS. SUSAN KREAMER.

—The most complete stock of shoes you have ever seen is at Musser & Son's shoe store.

—Miss Ida Herlacher, of Logansville, Clinton Co., a lady who is well-known to many of our readers, having figured as organist at several of Jos Kleckner's musical conventions at Coburn, was joined in holy wedlock to Mr. Cyrus T. Royer, of the same place, on Sunday, Oct. 2nd. The event occurred in the Reformed church at Logansville after the evening services, Rev. Gearhardt, of Lock Haven, performing the marriage rites.

—Men's Felt and Wool Boots, all grades and prices, at Musser's shoe store.

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

—Lumberman's Rubber Boots and Shoes, anything on the order, at Musser's shoe store.

—By some oversight we omitted to mention in our last issue that the Millheim post-office was visited by an inspector from headquarters the other day, who examined all books and accounts, as well as government stamps and moneys on hand, and found that postmaster Smith's affairs were in first-class shape, and without a shadow of a flaw. But then P. M. Smith is a democrat and that alone is a voucher for honest transaction of official business.

—The dandy puff from the dandy cigar, the Grape Wine. A big lot just received at D. S. Kauffman's.

—James C. Quiggle, justice of the peace of Wayne twp., Clinton Co., has has been appointed as United States consul at St. Thomas, Ontario, by President Cleveland. He departed for St. Thomas last Friday to take charge of the office. Mr. Quiggle's father, James W. Quiggle, twenty-eight years ago, was consul to Antwerp, Belgium, having been appointed by President Buchanron. Truly the son follows in his father's foot steps in this case.

—Protection for the feet.—Secure it at D.S. Kauffman's in the shape of the best Boots and Shoes, Gum Boots, Oversboes, &c., to be had anywhere.

—Barnum's elastic skin man, it seems, sometimes stretches his skin by seeing how much liquor he can get into it. He got drunk in Allegheny tne other night and fell among the circus horses, who evidently thought he was a new style of foot-ball, as they kicked him galore. A surgeon succeeded in sewing up the many cuts, but with great difficulty, owing both to the character of the hurts and the elasticity of the skin.

—Look out for the largest selection of Trunks and Satchels ever brought to town and which will be sold very low at J. W. Stover's. Give him a call.

—Says the Mifflinburg *Telegraph*: Mr. J. Kent Strunk and Miss Stehley, both telegraph operators, and from which there sprang that mutual, holy love that tends to bind souls as with "hooks of steel," were quietly united in marriage at Elmira, N. Y., on Wednesday of last week." Mr. Strunk, the groom, was employed for several months during the past summer in the railroad office at Coburn station, and is therefore known to many people in these parts.

—You are invited to personally call at GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S and examine their new stock of Cloths and Dress Goods. 38-4t

—On last Sunday evening when John Hall and family, of this place, had returned from a ride to Pine Creek Mills, Mr. Hall jumped from the wagon to unhitch the horse and stable him. In jumping he made a misstep and fell against the horse which took fright and made a sudden start and tramped on Hall's left leg, severely bruising it. He is confined to the house with his injuries which are painful. The horse broke the shafts of the wagon in trying to get away.

—Men's and women's Felt Shoes and Slippers, the most comfortable and easiest thing out on the feet, at Musser's shoe store.

—S. Q. Mingle, of Williamsport, a former Aaronsburg boy, has been made president of the American telephone company, which has been organized in Washington, and which has for its object the transaction of telephone telegraph, electric light and gas business throughout North and South America. Mr. Mingle is a thorough business man and this responsible position has come to him unsolicited, showing that his superior business qualifications meet with proper appreciation.

—The Ladies' Cloths at Kauffma's store are leaders. Take a look at them.

—The *Daily Democrat* of Lock Haven said last Monday: A dispatch was received here this morning from Williamsport by Chief of Police Westbrook, to arrest a couple of tramps who were on their way to this city on a freight train. The chief and Officer Kane immediately proceeded to the lower freight yard, where on the arrival of the designated train they caught the tourists, and they are now occupants of the county jail. One of them is believed to be the fellow who murdered Policeman Johnson, of Philadelphia. He is said to answer the description exactly.

CUPID'S CAPERS.—The marriage of Harvey Musser, Esq., of Akron, Ohio, son of Dr. P. T. Musser, of Aaronsburg, and Miss Lizzie Huston, the handsome and accomplished daughter of the late Samuel Huston, took place last Thursday at 12 o'clock, m. at the residence of the bride's uncle, Hon. Jas. P. Coburn. The affair was a quiet one, only a few of the nearest relatives and fiends being present and the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Kerr, the Presbyterian minister of Centre Hall. The happy couple started on their bridal tour the same afternoon and began with a trip east, from where they will go to their future home at Akron, O., where the groom has been practicing law with good success for the last four years. The newly-wedded pair have the best wishes of the writer.

—H. H. Trumpfheller, of New Columbia, Pa., was a welcome caller at this office last Saturday forenoon. He was on his way to Jacksonville, this county, where he expects to locate in the near future. He is going out of the mercantile business, having concluded to preach the Gospel, a calling for which he is eminently fitted. Rev. the present Evangelical preacher at Jacksonville is going to retire from the pulpit on account of impaired health and Rev. Trumpfheller will take his place. The oratorical abilities of the latter gentleman are well known in this section of country and we predict that he will make one of the most active and eloquent ministers in the conference.

—One of our principal exchanges gets off the following readable item which is so full of solid advice that we clip it for the benefit of the JOURNAL readers:

Don't give way to despondency. Did you ever know a cloud so dense and black that did not finally pass away? Was a night ever so long that morning did not follow? What's the good of fretting, anyway? It dosen't make your troubles any lighter, but it presents them through a magnifying glass. Keep a stiff upper lip and a soul above buttons. If you have obligations to meet and lack the cash to take them up promptly, it will do no good to wear out the soles of your boots walking the floor and wringing your hands. Better let the other fellow do the walking and wringing, while you work along pleasantly, putting on a bold front and doing the best you can to come out at the large end of the horn.

PUBLIC SALE OF A LARGE ESTATE.—As will be seen by the large and attractive sale posters issued from this office the valuable real estate of Daniel Walker, dec'd, late of Miles township, is offered for sale by the executors of said estate, sale to take place on Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1887. It consists of one of the choicest farms in Brushvalley, with splendid buildings erected thereon, and is at present occupied by Michael Rishel. Also the one-third interest in another farm in the same township, situate about 2 miles west of Wolf's store. Also a tract of farmland of about 18 acres, which is in the highest state of cultiyation. And finally a tract of fine timberland of 111 acres, covered with the very best of pine timber. The whole will be offered for sale on the first-named farm.

DOCTORS IN PRESCRIBING WINES.—The Physicians desire to give a liquor containing the attractive parts of the grape, such as iron, grape-sugar and the other elements which give to port wine its special flavor or bouquet and its singular blood making properties from the iron that is contained in the coloring principle of pure Red Wine.

Speer's New Jersey Wines, especially his Port, are grown on a brown stone shale soil, rich in iron and from wines brought from the banks of the River Doura, in Portugal, where the finest ports in the world are made, but none ever reach this country in a pure state. Speer's Wines are regarded superior to any in the market. For sale by drug gists.

A BLUE MONDAY.—We have quite a chapter of accidents to record which happened in this town last Monday and which, in connection with the cloudy and damp weather made it a real gloomy day for those concerned. About noon a number of little boys were playing behind the Penn street school house and little Lot, a son of Andrew Walizer got on one of the barrels which are kept there for lime and sand, and began rolling it. He fell off and had his left arm broken in two places. What makes his case the more severe is that he had the same arm fractured in the early part of the summer.

Victor, the youngest son of F. D. Luse, was the next destined to be unfortunate. He was riding their horse to water, when one of our street urchins in some way frightened the horse which threw its rider to the ground, causing a painful and severe bruise to his right arm.

On the same day Frank, one of J. H. Woomer's little boys, who is attending the North street school, had one of his fingers badly smashed by a window sash coming down on his hand with full force. The little fellow suffers much pain from his injury.

To make the list full P. H. Musser, our young watchmaker, had the misfortune to have his left hand broken. He was going to haul corn that afternoon and was leading Squire Reifsnyder's horse up to some bags, but the horse shyed and ran away. Philip was thrown under the wagon and the hind wheel passed over his hand with aforesaid result. The fracture of several bones was at once reduced by a physician and Musser is doing reasonably well.

—In gathering wild flowers, autumn leaves, or picnicking in the woods, we are more or less exposed to danger from poisoning by ivy or other wild vines and shrubs. The poison is under certain circumstances readily absorbed by the blood, and painful swellings or eruptions are caused. Such affections Hood's Sarsaparilla readily cures, as it expels all impurities from the blood. Even in cases of poisoning by Paris green, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful. It should be kept constantly in the house for all blood disorders. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists. 100 Doses $1.

Local Correspondence.

COBURN.

Through unavoidable circumstances no items appeared from Coburn last week.

The potatoe market is dull now and the demand is not as great as it was.

Coburn now boasts of two millinery establishments, Mrs. S. J. Cooney having opened out at her residence, nearly opposite the post-office.

Bartges & Son are going out of the grain business shortly. Who their successors will be has not been learned yet.

House cleaning has been the order of the day and the head of the family will come in for his share of misery in setting up stoves and matching pipe.

Mrs. Joseph Kleckner is visiting in Lock Haven and Westport.

An infant child of John Stonebraker died on Tuesday forenoon last.

Hauling brick for the new church has began in earnest and the bricklayers are on hand and commenced laying brick yesterday (Wednesday) and expect to complete the job in about three weeks if the weather remains favorable. The brick have turned out good and the building committee feel that they have made from $300 to $400 in burning their own brick.

School commenced on Monday and the new furniture has now arrived and will be put in the school house Saturday.

The distillery has started up again and the saw mill is about closing down. It is a pity that it is not the reverse as the mill is a benefit to the place and gives employment to a number of hands, while the distillery is of no possible benefit to any one.

Our Sunday school is going down hill and notice was given that it would close next Sabbath. It seems to us an everlasting disgrace on the community to close a school where there is so much material to work upon. This is a matter for the parents to move in at once. How can we expect the children to attend Sunday school and become interested if the parents do nothing to encourage them. We are sure it is of vastly more benefit to know that our children are in the Sabbath school under good influences than to have them roaming all over the country and filling their youthful minds with trash that is likely to follow them through life.

For a sample of as bad and dangerous a road as can be found almost anywhere in the state one has only to travel over the pike between Coburn and Millheim. The controlling company seem to think they are doing a magnanimous thing for the public by allowing them to drive over their road at times in mud up to the hub and so rough that one dare scarcely drive of a walk for fear of breaking a light buggy to pieces and at places so narrow that in turning out people are in danger of being thrown over the bank into the creek, and then only charging the small sum of 10 cents both ways for all these privileges. They were returned to court several months ago but settled the matter. Since that time very little work has been done on the road. One man has been kept running over the road breaking up a few stone and filling up a few ruts in the road. After being notified several times they had a kind of railing put across the bridge here. But it is just as dangerous now as before for children crossing and recrossing as they are liable to fall into the creek at any time. Their policy seems to be to make the most money out of the pike with the very least expense. The sentiment of all who use the pike is that they should be made to keep it in proper and safe condition for the traveling public, from whom they get their money and we think they will be called upon at our next court to show cause why the road is not properly kept.

VALE.

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—Bargains in remnants, from a woolen mill lately closed. Will be sold at half price. Cassimeres, Flannels, &c. 38-4t

POE MILLS.

Mr. D. R. Kulp, from Shamokin, was here looking after his lumber business.

Supt. J. M. Grubb received orders for October, nine cars of miners plank and 13 cars of props.

Clayton Kulp came back from his western trip and found great changes. He asked his wife if that was the same cat they had when he left.

Sue Winters, from Bellefonte, was visiting at Albert Klinefelter's.

Ellin Lewis, of Shamokin, is here visiting John Woody's at Junctionville.

Wm. Bradford, the operator, is our great night hunter. He is training his little black dog on cotton tails.

J. B. Kitchin's one-eyed John made his appearance for the first time since the riot. Old John is a very intelligent cat. As soon as Kitchin came home on Monday evening old John walked in and cast a shy glance at the table to see if the dishes were washed. They were not and the cat at once mounted and proceeded to attend to the cleaning with his tongue. That was enough for Kitchin who at once set the furry customer up in the boot business. Next morning poor old John struck for the east and was seen to pass the morning express down at the Valley Falls.

John Hoover and his traveling blacksmith shop took a western trip on the P. V. road to Junctionville, where he treated some of the mules to a pair of fall shoes.

Meade Slifer received an invitation to a kissing party on Main street.

The old jew peddler called at Jeff Swanger's to see Jane's new baby, and exclaimed: "*Mein Gott, was shee,*" and presented the baby with a bran new pair of stockings. *Gell Jane.*

Eli Ritzman was pleased all to sticks last Tuesday. D. R. Kulp made him a present of a six-dollar gum overcoat. Eli drives the four best mules on the job, and takes the very best care of them, and Darlington knows it. Eli takes great pride in his lead mule. He calls her Jutt.

Brother Johnson and Redchester Johnnie called at Swanger's barber shop to get a first-class shave. They also wanted their moustache dyed. He did the work under a microscope.

Supt. J. M. Grubb was up to see the swamp boys on Monday and Wednesday.

The P. V. and P. S. boys began to make three trips per day. Two more wrecks on the P. V. road.

A big drop. A piece of lumber dropped on Shity's foot and gave him a pleasant pet. And now he goes "hop along Peter."

A terrible fight at the P. V. Junction on Saturday. It opened with a quarrel while turning the switch. Engineer Duty and one of John Slifer's Johngarians tore up the ground, mashed the cow catcher and tore down a lamp post at the depot. By this time chief of police James Burd got off the train and parted the two men. The Johngarian was carried into the depot and had his wounds dressed and was then shipped to Camp Slifer. BUFFALO BILL.

AT GHEEN & SPIGELMYER'S
—the late arrival of New Goods; Carpets, Flannels, Chinaware. 38-4t

AARONSBURG.

Chestnuts are plenty now at 5 cts. a quart.

Thos. J. Mingle left for his western home, Kansas, last Monday.

L. D. Kurtz and wife, of Mifflinburg, were up last week, making cider and boiling applebutter.

Efforts are being made to raise a singing class for Prof. Lowell Moyer.

J. W. Russel, of Lewisburg, was up last week and disposed of a lot of fine blooded stock of Jersey cattle.

Mrs. W. B. Bitner and son Bright, of Spring Mills, are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. Geo. Brights.

The Republican candidate for sheriff, Mr. Cook, of Howard, spent a day in our burg, seeing his political friends. He drew up for quarters with S. H. Diehl.

The communion service in the Reformed church on last Sabbath morning was largely attended. Miss Minnie Cronmiller presided at the organ.

Mrs. J. A. Bright left for her home, Abilene, Kansas, on last Monday afternoon. She will stop for a few days with friends at Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Chas. H. Stover will continue at his present place of business at least until April next before removing to Hughesville, Pa.

Your correspondent was wrong in announcing in last week's Journal the burial of Mrs. Chas. Horner, in one of the cemeteries below town. We place the mistake to our informant. ANOTHER.

GREENBRIAR.

Daniel Gentzel, as usual, is the first to have his corn in the crib. His crop amounts to over two thousand bushels.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Snavely, of Safe Harbor, paid a flying visit to their many friends at this place. Come again, Henry.

John Funk is again on the sick list.

Peter Reiter had been very sick the past week, but at this writing is somewhat better.

Mr. A. A. Loss, of the Mountain school, has been suffering considerable pain from sore eyes. Still his "peepers" are open wide enough to keep school.

From eight to ten teams are hauling the brick from the kiln near here and take them to Coburn for the new church. The bricklayers are reducing the pile as fast as they haul them there.

Miss Jemima Auman is home from Woodward to attend school here.

Miss Sallie Shirk, from Centre Hall, is visiting her sister, Ella, near this place.

Miss Annie Mersamer, from Penn Hall, tarries among friends in this neck o' woods.

A. L. Auman spent Sunday with his parents.

Rev. Shambach, of Spring Mills, preached a very interesting sermon at Paradise church last Sunday evening.

Wesley Jones went to Bellefonte where he intends to work at carpentering with Mr. Lauth. YOUNG HICKORY.

WOODWARD.

Of late the Narrows seems full of wonders. Two weeks ago some lumbermen from Union county found a dark bay horse which had been taken to a rocky ledge and shot. No one having lost a horse in the neighborhood seems to make the mystery more profound.

C. W. Hosterman, while coming through the Narrows last Saturday evening, was the victim of an attempt at highway robbery. Having a good team of horses, whip included, he made his escape. When Charley arrived here he looked as if he had been working in a dynamite factory, which had just exploded.

Benj. Orndorf is making some alterations in the old store house building on his premises.

Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams, of Northumberland county, were the guests over Sunday of J. C. Motz. ARGENTI.

MADISONBURG.

Jacob Kern has torn down the old blacksmith shop, and in place will erect a wagonmaker shop, two stories high.

Miss Mary Frank is at home on a visit to her parents.

John Baily has been confined to his bed for sometime with a sore eye.

Mrs. Daniel Hoy of Millheim, is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. C. Auman, of this place.

Dorey Klinefelter has purchased a new bolting cloth and in a few days will be ready to make better flour for his customers, than he has been able to do for the last four or five years.

The pumpkin on exhibition in L. B. Stover's store measures 73 inches in circumference. That beats them all.

MARRIED.

On the 4th inst., at Spring Mills, Pa., by Rev. J. Shambach, Mr. Edward F. Kerstetter to Miss Stella Zimmerman, both of Shamokin, Pa.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday, by A. J. Campbell, Coburn, Pa.

Red Wheat, new	75
" old	80
White "	72
Corn	50
Rye	45
Oats, new	28
" old	30
Buckwheat	50
Flour, Roller	1.30
Salt, per barrel	1.40
Land Salt, per ton	7.87
Plaster, ground	9.00
Cement, per bushel	45
Barley	35
Tymothyseed	1.50
Flaxseed	1.00
Cloverseed	4.00-4.50
Butter	16
Hams	14
Sides	6
Veal	
Pork	4
Beef	5
Eggs	12
Potatoes	40
Lard	8

COAL MARKET.

Nut coal	$5.00
Small stove	5.25
Large "	5.25
Egg coal	5.00
Pea coal	3.25
Woodlar coal	3.75
Soft coal	3.00

(Special prices to lime burners.)

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, 38-4t London, England.

DEAFNESS Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City. 36-4t.

MRS. L. C. BRUMGARD'S

FINE DISPLAY OF

FALL -:- AND -:- WINTER -:- MILLINERY

which she is receiving daily from the eastern cities reveals as much

Style, Novelty of Shape and Desirability of Color

as the largest millinery establishment in the big towns. Patrons of fashion pronounce her stock the most attractive ever brought to town. Daily arrivals of the Latest Modes and Shapes in

LADIES' FELT HATS & BONNETS.

Her reasonable prices alone make her New Hats popular.

Choice Feathers, Birds, Quills, Wings, Crowns, Pins, Ornaments and Buckles for Hat and Bonnet garnishments. Rich, Elegant and Seasonable Trimmings

A SPECIALITY.

MAIN ST., MILLHEIM, PA.

HULLO!

My buttons are fastened on and I'm here again to speak, and would say in the first place—

Be determined to have a good place to buy your Boots and Shoes and stick to it.

—*Go at once to*—

MUSSER'S SHOE STORE

and see what a splendid line of

FINE AND COARSE BOOTS,

a dozen different kinds from $2 to $5.

Women's Fine Shoes, *in Kids, French Kids, Dongolas, &c., from $1.25 to $4.50.*

Everyday Shoes, *there's no end to them. Calf, real Calf, glove grain, oil grain, &c., &c., from $1.25 to $2.00.*

☞ *You have never bought such shoes at the price we are offering them. In boys and girls—the same.*

GO AND SEE THEM.

Don't miss. I'll be there when you come. You don't get any shoes at cost, but at a mighty low profit, to hold your trade, to make you a customer. We have no low-priced, worthless shoes. It must be to your interest to know this. We guarantee our representations, and don't warrant our shoes, just to sell you a pair. We won't say everything and do nothing, and you wouldn't expect us to.

MAN AT THE TELEPHONE.

This Fall Weather

people are anxious to get the freshest and best

Groceries and Fruits

in the market. The best place in the valley to buy them is

J. W. STOVER'S

GROCERY STORE, MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

where you will find the most complete line of

SUGARS, COFFEE, TEAS, RICE,

CERALINE, CORN, AND CANNED GOODS, SUCH AS

Apricots, Peaches, Plums, Pears, Tomatoes.

Never follow but always lead with my line of

Tobacco, Cigars and Confectioneries.

Full to ove flowing, my department of

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

Last but not least is my assortment of

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

☞ All my goods under this head are guaranteed and I warrant them to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

As I believe in "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" I ask you in all confidence to visit my store, being certain that it will be to your interest.

☞ Highest Market Prices paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE which is taken in exchange for goods.

FALL OPENING

C. G. BRIGHT, Custom Shoemaker.

Ladies' & Gents' Repairing

Stitched Work Promptly & Neatly

a specialty. done.

Will be at Musser's Shoe Store, Main street, Millheim, every Saturday afternoon to take orders and measures.

Shop at AARONSBURG, PA.

Miscellaneous News.

Lehigh County Prisoners Rebel.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 6.—Six of the long term prisoners in the county jail refused to work this afternoon and because of the violence they retreated to their cells where they had concealed iron bars to resist an assault. After much difficulty the officers with the revolvers drawn forced them into submission and they were shackled hand and foot.

Every One Killed.

AMANDA, O., Oct. 6.—By the explosion of a boiler last night in David Young's saw mill, three miles from here, George Lape, Perry Lape, Simon Young and Amos Young, who was instantly killed, and Mrs. Simon Young, who was at the time, 200 yards from the mill, was seriously injured. The cause of the explosion is unknown, as every one at the mill was killed. Simon Young's head was blown a hundred feet in the air. Amos Young's skull was crushed to atoms, and the bodies of the other's were blown to fragments.

A President for Lebanon Valley College.

ANNVILLE, Pa., Oct. 6.—The executive committee of Lebanon Valley college met to-day and elected Rev. E. S. Lorenz, of Ohio, as president of the institution. Mr. Lorenz is a man of marked ability. Student in theology of the Union Bibilcal seminary in 1880 and 1881, graduated at Yale in 1883; student at Leipsig, Germany, in 1884 and 1885 and composer of music contained in Praise offering, "Song of the Cross," "Heavenly Carols," "Songs of Grace," "Gates of Praise," "Holy Voices," "Notes of Victory," &c. He is a man well qualified for the position and a bright future awaits Lebanon Valley college.

A Little Boy's Sad Fate.

RENOVO, Pa., Oct. 6.—A very sad accident occurred here yesterday in the railroad company's planing mill. William McCloskey, a lad of about 14 years, was sent to the cellar for the purpose of throwing off a belt. In returning he stepped over a belt running near the ground, when he was caught, run up over the pulley, and dashed against the fonndation wall. When picked up it was found that his skull was crushed to such an extent that death came to his relief four hours afterwards. His father was killed here in the upper end of the yard about seven years ago. William was a very bright boy, and was loved by all who knew him, and his untimely death comes very hard on his widowed mother.

A Woman Attacked by a Cow.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 6.—Mrs. Chester Fry, a widow aged 61, is housekeeper for Charles Grosscup, a widower, at Germanville, Lehigh county. One of the cows belonging to her employer gave birth to a calf on Tuesday in a meadow, and Mrs. Fry went to drive the mother and her offspring to the stable. Immediately after entering the field she was attacked by the cow, tossed in the air, gored and trampled upon in a terrible manner. She was found in the meadow in an unconscious condition. Both bones of the right leg were broken above the ankle, and her body was bruised and lacerated from head to feet. She is still in a critical condition. The cow had not been vicious previous to this time.

GOULD GETS HOLD OF IT.

The O. & B. Telegraph Scooped by the Western Union.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—At last the B. & O. telegraph has been sold to the Western Union.

The directors of the Western Union telegraph company who have just adjourned, was beseiged by reporters, but were shaken off. However, it was learned that the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph company had given up the ghost and its powerful rival gobbled the skeleton and would string it upon its own wires.

The terms of the contract will not be given out yet. The announcement is official and it has been decided by the Western Union directors to issue sufficient stock to take up whatever indebtedness the Baltimore and Ohio was responsible for and enough stock to lower the price of the capital stock of the Baltimore and Ohio. Everything has been definitely arranged to the satisfaction of both parties to the contract, which has been sent to the Baltimore and Ohio directors for ratification.

Gould Buys the B. & O. Telegraph.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Jay Gould left his office in the Western Union building at four o'clock this afternoon, after a brief conference. When questioned about the Baltimore Telegraph he said, "we have bought the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph. We have paid for or arranged to do so and the price is five million of dollars."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Pomeroy's Brickdust.

He who grows weeds and cultivates an appetite for strong drink need not expect to be remembered as a good example.

If a man should lose an article of wearing apparrel every time he told a lie, there are men who would never pray for winter.

The man who attends to his own business and lets the business of others alone, is an anti-poverty society by himself, and a good one.

Never, never, never punish or inflict pain on a child because you are angry at what it has done, unless you really desire to assault Our Father who art in Heaven.

WOMAN'S CHIEFEST CHARM.

Fetching Manners of Some Famous Women.

San Francisco Argonaut.

A woman's surest charm is her manner. No one ever saw an old maid who was high-bred, dashing and direct. She may be sweet and amiable, but she lacks the peculiar charm of graciousness and insistence, else she could never be an old maid. Mankind would forbid it. On the train to Newport the other day, a man and a fourteen-year-old girl wandered through the car looking for a seat that would accommodate them both. None but half seats were in view. An agreeable youth arose and insisted on giving up his seat, and the girl's escort said 'thanks' after the usual stolid fashion. But the girl turned toward the stranger, leaned forward, clasped her little hands, beamed up directly into his eyes, and said with the softest and most caressing tone in the world:

'Oh, you're so very kind.'

'Non—not at all,' stammered the man, smiling at her responsively.

'Indeed you are,' murmured the girl, with a knowing and wise little shake of her head.

The man strode on with a long-drawn breath and his eyes very wide open, while the girl cuddled up beside her brother, put her head on his shoulder, after smiling up into his face, and went gently off to sleep. Every face in the car wore a more human expression, and half the passengers beamed on the child fondly. She was not beautiful but her manner was as grateful as a shower on a sultry day in August. If she isn't married before her twentieth year, signs go wrong and the world's turned inside out.

I saw Blanche Rosevelt lift a man from a dusty business street into a half heaven of gratified complacency once by a few words and a soft and mellow look from her big blue eyes. It was on Park Row, and she had just stepped into her carriage when a sturdy young fellow saw an old woman pause and stagger in front of a team of horses. She was on crutches. We all saw her. There was no real danger. No one moved for a moment, and we stood staring at her with the stolidity born of the muggy heat, when the sturdy young man jumped forward, took her in his arms, and carried her quietly to the walk. Then he colored, and looked ashamed. The woman thanked him awkwardly, with a trembling lip, and he nodded half surlily and started on, but before he had gone a dozen steps Blanche Rosevelt jumped from the carriage—nearly bowling me over thereby—and running up to the red-faced youth seized one of his hands and gave it an ecstatic little squeeze. He turned and found a woman's face looking into his. It was a wonderfully expressive face. The eyes spoke volumes. He looked into them and seemed transfixed. Miss Roosevelt smiled, and said, in a soft voice, as though whispering to a baby:

'You're a good fellow, you are—a good fellow.'

Then she dashed back into the carriage, while the man's chest swelled out, and he stood looking after her, breathing in veritable gulps.

'He'll be aghast with delight for a week,' I said as I closed the carriage door.

'Do you know what he is?' said the girl, peeping back at him as he stood peering hotly after her. 'He's a hero—if he does turn in his toes.'

Ellen Lerry owes her fetching qualities to her wonderful manner. Her manner endeared her to a score of men the first day that she came to America. A small party went down the bay to meet Irving and Terry on Washington Connor's yacht. Irving came down the gang plank with unruffled dignity of bearing, and after he had taken up a position on the lee of the pilot-house—it was blowing a little fresh, I remember—Miss Terry romped down like a school-girl, waived a saucy adieu to her acquaintances on the steamer, and, after swinging around the boat a bit, doubled herself up on a big coil of rope in a fashion that defied description, and began to talk. She had doubled up both of her feet under her and was twisted into just such a pose as we have all seen graceful children fall into when romping on the floor, and wondered how they could possibly do it. Miss Terry bestowed a direct look and a personal smile on every man in the group on the trip up the harbor, and it was a group of devoted slaves by the time the yacht reached the wharf. She owed it to her manner, for she was not becomingly clad.

One day a youth of great frankness and good humor was introduced to Mrs. Langtry. He looked into the cool depths of her clear gray eyes for a moment, and then said:

'You had a tremendous effect on me the first time I saw you, Mrs. Langtry.'

'Did I?' said the Lily, musically.

'Overwhelming. I was strolling down town on a very clear and snappy November day two years ago, ruminating on the chances of the stock market, when I glanced up suddenly and met your eyes. They were looking directly into mine. You wore a green velvet gown and your cheeks were red from the brisk breeze. I halted involuntarily and gazed a thousand miles into your eyes, and then pulled myself together and made an awkward apology for my rudeness. I didn't know anything during the next ten minutes, but when I came to, I was about half a mile beyond, and thrashing ahead in a style that would have dismayed an express train. I was almost on a run, and I swept people aside as though they were so much chaff'—he stopped breathlessly, and then added: 'I'm rushing ahead rather fast now, eh?'

'Rawther,' said the Lily, amusingly.

'Well, my object in telling you about it is to apologize for staring at you so hard.'

'I remember the incident very well,' said Mrs. Langtry, 'and it doesn't require an apology at all. Women adore such affronts as that.'

She kept smiling at the man as she talked with such an air of thorough good nature and good fellowship, that she reduced him in a twinkling to the same extraordinary condition that had characterized him when he made the run after he had looked a thousand miles into her eyes that November day.

The girl with the taking manner wins, from one end of the earth to the other. Ada Rehan owes her fame to it, and Edith Kingdon won the son of two hundred million dollars without an effort, because she was mild, affectionate, and had a way of talking to men that made them reel like heroes before she had said a dozen words. It is amazing to note how few women there are that are blessed with this rarest and most valuable of gifts.

The Mother of a Notable Family.

Julian Ralph in the Philadelphia Press pays a glowing and deserved tribute to the good lady who is the widow of William H. Vanderbilt and mother of a notable family. She is, he says, one of the "plain everyday little women of the kind men of sense most admire, of the kind that supplies the world with good mothers and wives—one of those quiet, modest ladylike bodies that one sees so many thousands of in big cities without really noting them unless a second glance reveals the genteel plainness of their attire, the trimness of their figures and almost shy preoccupation of their minds. Yet, if one lived in an age of marvels or brigands, and this unimpressive little figure was stolen from the city and held for ransome, she could bring her captors $25,000,000, aye, four times as much, and without impoverishing her family.

For as she was pointed out to me, I was told she was Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, relict of the man who when he lived was the richest man on earth. And yet she wore no diamonds, showed no glint of gold or silver from head to feet, and she was walking—like the rest of us." Of the sons and daughters who rise up to call her blessed, Mr. Ralph says further:

Her daughters are something more than mere women, and she has helped them into good marriages. The boys are all better than mere money grabbers; they are ambitious beyond and apart from that. She bore Vanderbilt eight children: Margaret, now Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard; Cornelius, William K., Emily now Mrs. Emily Thorne Sloane, who was the great carpet dealer: Frederick W., Florence Adele, now wife of W. McK Twombley, the pushing westerner now in charge of some of the heavier Vanderbilt interest; Lela, who married Dr. Wm. Seward Webb, son of the old fighting editor, Dr. James Watson Webb, and now head of the New York Central car company, and George W. the eight child and fourth son. Not a girl has married what in England is called an "aristocrat," an idler. Every man-jack of their husbands made his way in the world before he married a Vanderbilt. The boys also took care of themselves. The two elder sons, Cornelius and William K., want to enter public life—try to imagine the commodore or William H. harboring such a thought, if you can. They want to distinguish themselves among and for the people. But for the Henry George movement last year one or the other would have been nominated for the mayor by the Republicans; but the brothers had sense enough to see what an ugly fight that would make. Cornelius works harder than most very poor men. Like President Cleveland, he cannot leave details to subordinates. He is what you might call the head of finance of the Vanderbilt system, chairman of the board of directors of the central and Harlem, and deep in the responsibility on the other lines. He is forty years old and worth about $75,000,000. When a boy his father got him a clerkship in the Shoe and Leather bank. He refused a tour to Europe then because it would take him from his desk, and he is just as assiduous now, so much so that his friends fear his hurting himself. Fancy a man worth seventy-five millions killing himself with work. Queer world, isn't it?

AN INTELLIGENT JUROR.

Uncle Tom's Ideas Concerning Law and Kindred Subjects.

"Are you a citizen of Wyandotte County?" asked the Hon. Baily Waggener of an old colored man who hobbled into the jury box with the aid of a long hickory cane.

"I is, sah," replied the aged darkey.

"How long have you been such?"

"I dunno, sah."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion about the case?"

"Well, I donno. I have resulted the matter considerable, and when my mind was fully rectified I went down to de track. I met the sheriff, and he told me to reappear and I left."

"Have you formed an opinion that the train was wrecked by accident or design?"

"Yes, sah; I think it was wrecked by 'zign,"

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"No sah."

"Do you know what capital punishment is?"

"No, sah."

"Have you any conscientious scruples?"

"No I have have not."

"Do you think that a man should be hanged for murder?"

"Yes, sah.

"If the evidence in the case should show the defendant to be guilty of murder would you hesitate to find a verdict of guilty because the penalty might be death?"

"Yes sah, I would."

"In the trial of the case would you be controlled by the evidence or by what you have heard?"

"I would to the best of my ability,"

"Would the evidence control you in arriving at a verdict?"

"Not if I could help it.'

"Do you know what an oath is?,"

"I does not."

"In the trial of the case would you feel yourself bound by your oath?"

"I has not 'flected on that subject, sah."—*Kansas City Times.*

Worse Than Whiskey.

The Iowa State Board of Health is unearthing an alarming fact to the effect that already more than 10,000 persons in the State of Iowa are discovered to be adicted to the use of opium. The effects of this drug are more deadly, deathening, soddening and disastrous to victims thereof, than is the use of alcoholic stimulants. The one puts the best of a person to sleep, while the other arouses one to energy and ugliness. According to the statement of Dr. Hull, who has been conducting the inquiries and investigation, the habit has gained a foothold among the most honored and useful members of society, the majority of victims being females, whose curiosity led them to try something for a new sensation.

Opium comes to this country chiefly from China, and is used more by Americans than by the Chinese. Its effect upon the sensitive mercurial American is far more debilitating and disastrous than upon the Chinese or Mongolian race, as the effects of whiskey are quicker and more exuberant on the Irish, French and Americans, than upon the Scotch, Dutch or English people. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. That which excites one person to mirth or ugliness, stagnates the blood of another person, so that he comes down helpless, dead drunk.

While the people of Iowa are trying to prohibit the sale and use of intoxicating liquors, they would do well to turn their attention to this insiduous narcotic, which to a greater extent than beer, brandy or whiskey prepares women for their downfall in every sense of the word. — *Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

He knows This Trick Now.

'Have any of you found a bank note?' inquired a man in wild-eyed excitement as he hurridly approached a lot of loungers at the Union depot yesterday morning.

'Have you lost one?' asked an elderly stranger of bland and sedate appearance.

'Yes, yes; have you found it?'

'Wait a moment. What was its denomination?'

'It was a $50 bill—National bank note.'

The stranger leisurely drew a roll of bills from his pocket, looked over them, took one out, and passed it over to the excited individual, remarking with much urbanity as he did so:

'It is well for you, my friend, that it was found by an honest man. I picked it up a few minutes ago, and take pleasure in giving back to you what I am satisfied is your property.'

'Thank you sir; thank you. It's my turn now to do the fair thing. Here's a $10 bill. You shan't refuse it. Take it, sir; take it, or I shall feel hurt.'

The stranger, thus urged, took the money, and the grateful individual walked off with his $50. He was considerably surprised to learn, a few hours later, that the bill was not the one he had lost at all, but a counterfeit. He is now looking for the bland and elderly stranger, but there are reasons for doubting his success in finding him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Was Keeping It Still.

A citizen of Detroit who has been riding over several of the townships in Wayne county of late says he was only twenty miles from Detroit when he encountered a white-headed old farmer and casually remarked:

"You must be one of the old pioneers of Wayne county?"

"Well, sir, I expect I cast the first vote in this county," was the reply.

In the course of the day the citizen met five other old men who made the same reply, and in three days he encountered forty. It was getting rather monotonous, and he was on his way home, when a white-headed old farmer stopped him to ask the time of day.

"You are an old settler here, I take it?" said the citizen after consulting his watch.

"I am, sir."

There was a painful pause. The farmer looked as if he wanted to add something, and the citizen looked as if he expected him to. After a minute or two the latter said:

"Well, of course you polled the first vote in Wayne county?"

"Well—ah—well——"

"Don't deny it, uncle!"

"Well, then, I did, but as that was the only vote cast by my party for the next ten years I thought I'd keep a little still about it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIT 'EM AGAIN.

The Toledo "Stroller" Takes a Shy at Two Handy Expressions.

Of all the shortening and clipping that goes on in daily conversation, what so meaningless as the exclamation—'thanks'? If one has done you a favor, why not say 'I thank you;' not 'I thank ye,' but 'I thank you,' plainly, clearly and distinctly. The exclamation 'Thanks,' jerked out of some unfathomable depths, savors of too much haste to be polite, and had best be omitted.

'Thanks' is only equaled, in my judgement, in straight down wrongness in the idiocy that responds to the polite 'I thank you,' or 'Very much obliged,' for a favor rendered or a kinnness performed, with 'Not at all.' I have, I think, written of this before, but it will bear repetition, and I can see no reason why, if you pick up a lady's kerchief, tender her your seat in a car, or save friend from a dangerous fall on that result of a fool's carelessness, a banana peel, and are rewarded with that exactly proper remark, 'I thank you.' I say I can see no good and valid reason why it would not be equally as proper and true to say, 'You're a liar,' as to respond with 'Not at all.' Honest, now, can you?—"*Stroller*" *in Toledo Journal.*

—John have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment: What woman? That woman picking Grapes for Speer's Wine. Just see her in another column and read about it, the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and equal to the best in the World. The Board of Health in Large Cities and leading Hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

Splendid Sights to be Seen "Free" With an Opera Glass.

The first thing the observer of the moon will wish to see are the mountains, for everybody has heard of them, and the most sluggish imagination is stirred by the thought that one can look off into the sky and behold the "eternal hills" of another planet as solid and substantial as our own. But the chances are that, if left to their own guidance 99 persons out of 100 would choose the wrong time to see these mountains. Unless warned beforehand, they invariably wait until full moon, when the flood of sunshine poured perpendicularly upon the face of our satellite and conceals its rugged features as effectually as if a veil had been drawn over them. Begin your observations with the appearance of the narrowest crescent of the new moon, and follow it gradually as it fills, and then you will see how beautifully the advancing line of lunar sunrise reveals the mountains, over whose slopes and peaks it is climbing, by its ragged and sinuous outline.

The observer must keep in mind the fact that he is looking straight down upon the tops of the lunar mountains. It is like a view from a baloon, only at a vastly greater height than any balloon has ever attained. Even with a powerful telescope the observer sees the moon at an apparent distance of several hundred miles, while with a field-glass, magnifying six diameters, the moon appears as if 40,000 miles off.

It is the contrast of lights and shadows that not only reveals the lunar mountains to us, but enables us to measure their height. On the moon shadows are very much darker than upon the earth, because of the extreme rarity of the moon's atmosphere, if indeed it has any atmosphere at all. By stepping around the corner of a rock there, one might pass abruptly from dazzling noonday into the blackness of midnight. The surface of the moon is extraordinary rough and uneven. It possesses broad plains, which are probably the bottoms of ancient seas that have now dried up, but these cover only about two-fifths of the surface visible to us, and most of the remaining three-fifths are exceedingly rugged and mountainous.

Many of the mountains of the moon are, foot for foot, as lofty as the highest mountains on the earth, while all of them, in proportion to the size of the moon's globe, are much larger than the earth's mountains. It is obvious, then, that the sunshine, as it creeps over these Alpine landscapes in the moon, casting the black shadows of the peaks and craiters many miles across the plains, and capping the summits of lofty mountains with light, while the lower regions far around them are yet buried in night, must clearly reveal the character of the lunar surface. Mountains that cannot be seen at all when the light falls perpendicularly upon them, or, at the most, appear then merely as shining points, picture themselves by their shadows in startling silhouettes when illuminated laterally by the rising sun.

But at full moon, when the mountains hide themselves in light, the old sea-beds are seen spread out among the shining table-lands with great distinctness. Even the naked eye readily detects these as ildefined, dark patches upon the face of the moon, and to their presence are due the popular notions that have prevailed in all quarters of the world about the 'Man in the Moon,' the 'Woman in the Moon,' 'Jacob in the Moon,' the 'Hare in the Moon,' the 'Toad in the Moon,' and so on. But, however clearly one may imagine that he discerns a man in the moon while recalling the nursery rhymes about him, an opera-glass instantly puts the specter to flight, and shows the round lunar disk diversified and shaded like a map. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

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[New Advertisement.]

Jacob Eisenhuth

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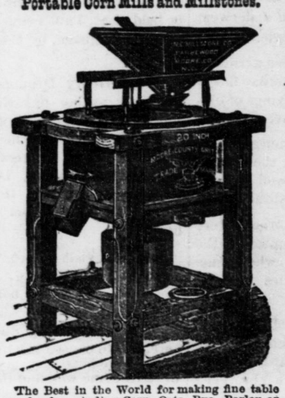

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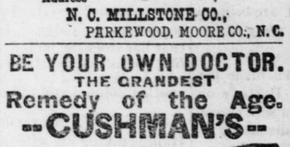

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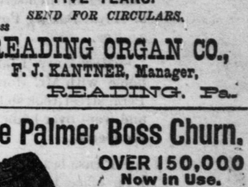

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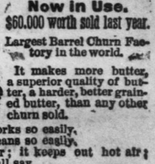

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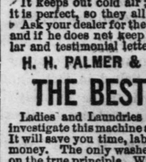

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H. H. PALMER & CO., Rockford, Ill.

THE BEST WASHER.

Ladies and Laundries should investigate this machine at once It will save you time, labor and money. The only washer built on the true principle. Will save its cost in three months. You have same control of clothes as with your hands and wash board and will wash them in half the time, as you can use hot suds while rubbing them, without putting your hands in the water.

Don't spoil your hands and temper or allow your laundress to ruin your clothes with acids. Ask your dealer for "The Best Washer," or send for circular to

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